

T I T for T A T.

————Remember Milo's End,
Wedg'd in that Timber which he strove to rend.

ROSCOM.

To which is annex'd,

A N

EPISTLE *from a* NOBLEMAN

T O A

DOCTOR of D I V I N I T Y.

In Answer to a *Latin* Letter in Verse.

A L S O

The R E V I E W;

O R,

The C A S E fairly Stated on Both S I D E S.

Wherein is shewn the true Cause of the foregoing P O E M S.

Honi soit qui mal y Pense.

Motto of the G A R T E R.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. REYNOLDS in the *Strand*, and sold by the Booksellers in
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TIT FOR TAT.

Westminster Abbey, London.
To which is added,
A new edition of the

EPITAPH OF NOBLEMAN

FOR A NEW

THE R. B. V. I. E. W.

THE A. S. E. S. S. I. O. N. S.

Notes of the G. A. S. S. I. O. N. S.

A. O. W. D. O. W.

Printed for T. F. B. in the Town and County of

T I T for T A T



WEET, pretty pratler of the C—,
 The Maid of Honour's daily sport ;
 Dear, trifling teizer of the muses,
 Whom every soul alive abuses ;
 What whim inspir'd thy stupid brain,
 To plague us in heroic strain ?
 Quitting thy doggrel sing-song rhyme,
 In hopes to reach the grand sublime.

THY learn'd Epistle well describ'd,
 The little rules you first imbib'd ;
 How happy you ! the only ———
 Could ever read or write one word :
 How smartly you expose the rest
 By characters that suit thee best !
 So justly drawn, at first sight known,
 Shining in talents all your own.
 How amiable to us appears,
 The progress of your infant years !
 The child could read as soon as suck,
 One hand the bub, one held the book ;
 Such knowledge shewn, ev'n at the breast,
 Nurse swore he'd be a Judge at least.
 Being no ———, you had no patent
 To let your nat'ral parts lie latent ;
 As master must not be a fool,
 E'er you could go, you're sent to school,
 That the hid seeds of genial sense,
 Might thrive by learning's influence :
 Where soon to such a height they sprung,
 (Like winter mushrooms rais'd by dung)
 You quicker learn'd than they could teach,
 And all without one smarting b—ch ;
 Fond mamma thought a rod but spoil'd
 The genius of a witty child.
 How soon you did strange *Latin* speak !
 And call'd the boys hard names in *Greek* !
 Nay, every day improv'd still faster,
 Till you out-run the very master ;

To finish neat the whole that's wanted,
 The stripling was to c--- transplanted ;
 But these, alas ! the *Greek* and *Latin*,
 Were dropp'd for velvet, paint and fatin ;
 All musty, heathenish, rules laid by,
 The art of politicks to try ;
 Chang'd to a weather-cock of S---,
 To save a sinking S-----'s fate.

THE farce could never be compleat,
 'Till with the --- he claim'd his ---
 Thrice happy now the h--- of ---
 Learn ye grey-beards from his green years !
 There gulp down wisdom from his mouth,
 That source of honour, sense and truth.

COULD the Divine spend time no better,
 Than writing thee a serious letter ?
 Were his tithes free from all dispute ?
 No stubborn Atheist to confute ?
 No duel orthodox to list in ?
 No wedding, or no brat to christen ?
 That thus he'd load your little head,
 Too full of maggots it had bred.
 How could you for such stuff have leisure,
 Fatigu'd 'twixt business and pleasure !
 But when your GOODNESS thought it fit,
 To grace his dulness with your wit,
 You might have mounted pick-a-pack,
 Your raree-show upon your back,
 As *Savoyards* from street to street
 Accost each passenger they meet.

SEE, Sir, these staring things in E---,
 That huff and strut to frighten vermin :
 A S-----n great that can't indite,
 These S----- that can't write :
 Some people pawning v---- and souls,
 Some men made great because they're fools,
 Those tearing military blades,
 Whose courage lies in their cockades ;
 (Or a new paradox by urging)
 The maidens fix, without one v---

OR told him, how you fool away
 In show or nonsense night and day :
 A thousand things of equal worth,
 With equal wit you might set forth ;

And not have ink'd that pretty hand,
With matters you'll ne'er understand.

BUT in the name of ev'ry wonder,
How came you thus on *P--pe* to blunder?
If in a silly waspish mood,
Resolv'd to lash at all that's good.
Virtue and honour to bespatter,
By squirting out unmeaning fatyr ;
Thought you the world wou'd take that handle,
To patronize your senseless scandal ?
(Such stuff as makes e'en *C---r* puke)
And not your folly, Sir, rebuke.

IN your own sphere you might have found,
Some proper mark, for you to wound ;
Fools open to each feeble thrust,
Who'd take your tinsel wit on trust ;
If you must write, on coxcombs fall,
That can't or won't return the ball ;
Or jirk your panegyrick asses,
That spurious offspring of *Parnassus* ;
Or write some comments to explain
The mystick works of *C---r's* brain.
Thus light reflecting each dark ode on,
Or criticize good Captain *B--n* ;
Or the poetick scene to vare,
Fire out lampoons on lady *M....y*.

UNRIVAL'D you may talk of fashion,
And quite new dress the whole she-nation ;
Of various colours shew the grace,
Where pink, where blue becomes the face ;
Point out the c..... coquets and faints,
Which of them washes, and which paints ;
The smallest blot in life descry,
Who squints, who pins her tail awry,
Brilliant your genius here would shine,
Give chit-chat life, and modes refine.

BUT can your arm a weapon lift
To battle *P....y*, *P...e*, or *S...ft* ;
In an ill hour the task you chose,
Be---s'd in rhyme, be -- it in prose :
'Tis act the second of the farce,
Just as you duel you write verse.
A vanquish'd hero in the field,
And on *Parnassus* forc'd to yield ;

Let *P-pe* or *P-.....y* be the man,
 You quit your sword, or drop your pen.
 Secure that *M.....* must stand,
 Where you're its head, its heart, its hand.

PRAY for the future be advis'd,
 Know you're not hated, but despis'd ;
 The world now scorns your little tricks,
 Your scraps of wit and politicks :
 Then writing fly, and leave that part
 To men of genius and of art ;
 Or if you still for scribbling long,
 Why tag a rhyme, or point a song.
 But you'll appear with better grace,
 Dress'd in the ensigns of your *p.*,
 The very essence of perfumes,
 The star of balls and d----- r-----ms ;
 The wonder of a *Sunday* croud,
 Affected, foppish, vain and loud ;
 Poppet all o'er in dress and feature,
 A very linsley-wolsley creature ;
 Ne'er made for use, just fit for show,
 Half wit, half fool, half man, half beau :
 Who'd spoil such eyes for any book,
 What blooming toast boast such a look ?
 So finely colour'd, such a grace,
 One takes it for my Lady's face ;
 As highly touch'd with nicest care,
 The self-same pert and silly air.

THE gifts of heav'n then proudly boast,
 But talents misapply'd are lost ;
 Wisdom ill suits a face so pretty,
 Content at most to be thought witty ;
 Let dirty patriots hold debate,
 In *f.....s* shine, and mend the *f.....*,
 'Midst a love speech they surely spoil it,
 And cannot argue at a toilet ;
 Sometimes they catch us by the ear,
 Whist eyes and noses hold you dear.

TAKE then this kind advise as meant
 By him, who folly to prevent,
 Or conquer e'er too strong it grow,
 Proves he's your friend, tho' deem'd your foe.

*An EPISTLE from a NOBLEMAN to a
Doctor of Divinity. In Answer to a
Latin Letter in Verse.*

SUPPLIANT your pardon first I must implore,
(Dear Doctor!) that I've never wrote before :
But in the constant bustle of a court,
Betwixt our forms, our bus'ness, and our sport ;
Tho' you may think whole days are unenjoy'd,
Yet scarce one moment passes unemploy'd.

IN the next place, when I declare how long
I've taken leave of *Greek* or *Latin* song ;
That all I learn'd from *Doctor Freind* at school,
By *Gradus*, *Lexicon*, or *Grammar*-rule ;
Of *Saphic*, *Lyric*, or *Iambic* odes,
Or *Doctor King*'s machinery of gods,
Has quite deserted this poor *John-Trot* head,
And left plain native *English* in its stead :
I'm sure your courteous Rev'rence will forgive
The homely way, in which you now receive
These hearty thanks, from an illiterate hand,
For favours which I barely understand.

YOU know the Proverb says, That of a Cat,
The creature's skin is all that you can get ;
So from no head you ever can receive
More wit, than such a head has got to give :
Let for this reason then, my gracious friend,
Gracious accept the all I have to send ;
Nor wonder that my brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of L---ds ;
And when you see me fairly write my name,
For *England's* sake with all could do the same.
Nay, I perhaps could not so much have done,
Had I been bred and born an eldest son.
A noble father's heir, spoil'd by his mother,
Leaves learning always to his younger brother ;
Who at the bar must prate to earn a groat,
Whilst all *our* bus'ness is to dress and vote.

THE very moment therefore I grew great,
A lazy, titled heir to an estate,

For fear my education might bely,
 By some mean badge of sense, my quality ;
 That to good blood, by old prescriptive rules,
 Gives right hereditary to be fools ;
 I streight began upon a quite new score,
 Neglected all that I had learn'd before ;
 And, not to seem a novice in my state,
 Or ignorant what belong'd to being great,
 With little judgment, and good store of pride,
 I took upon me always to decide :
 In every company was bold and loud,
 Behav'd myself as rudely as I could,
 And ne'er discours'd of what I understood. }
 'Tis thus among *the great* : If any one }
 By chance has *wit*, so aukwardly 'tis shown,
 That 'tis a less misfortune to have none. }
 For still he goes on this erroneous rule,
 That no body with *wit* can be a *fool* ;
 Yet by example, at his own expence,
 Proves one may have it without *common sense*.
 For, void of prudence, and too vain of parts,
 How oft good heads have plainer shewn bad hearts?
 When in obscurity perhaps the *last*,
 Without the *first*, had fortunately past.
 Thus while to wit their sole ambition tends,
 (Whilst for one joke they give up fifty friends)
 Tho' ne'er adapted to a manly use,
 But still on trifles squander'd, or abuse ;
 They think the world so blind, and to admit,
 All understanding is compris'd in *wit*.
 That dang'rous flow of a licentious brain, }
 Which wanting skill its ardour to restrain,
 Converts to ill, like nourishment to pain. }
 Perhaps you'll say, to its excuse inclin'd,
 If 'tis an ill, 'tis of a pleasing kind.
 I grant it such, but still 'tis a disease.
 Are calentures not ills because they please ?
 Or who can call the Gout, or Stone a good,
 Because engender'd by the richest blood ?
 Luxuriant branches show a fertile root,
 But unrestrain'd they bear but little fruit :
 So wit unprun'd, and wanting judgment's aid,
 Is the crude fruit of a good useless head.

Such wits are nought but glittering ignorance :
 What *Monkeys* are to men, they are to sense ;
 Imperfect mimicks, ludicrous and mean,
 Who often bite that fool they entertain.
 Their tricks may please, their quickness may surprise ;
 At first we wonder, but at last despise.
 The wise avoid such animals with care,
 And he who laughs the loudest, laughs in fear.
 True wit is reason in her gayest strain ;
 That can at once inform and entertain :
 Her lively truths attentive we explore,
 Pleas'd we commend, instructed we adore.

BUT of this rare, this estimable kind,
 In the great world, few instances we find :
 Tho' aiming at it, dissolute and loud,
 And of the faults, they ought to blush for, proud.
 How oft we hear some witling pert and dull,
 By fashion *Coxcomb*, and by Nature *Fool* :
 With hackney maxims, in dogmatic strain,
 Scoffing *Religion*, or the *Marriage-Chain*.
 Then from his common-place book he repeats,
 " That Lawyers all are rogues, and Parsons cheats ;
 " Physicians ignorant, and Courtiers slaves ;
 " Great Kings but actors, and great Statesmen knaves ;
 " That vice and virtue's nothing but a jest,
 " And all morality deceit well drest ;
 " That life itself is like a wrangling game,
 " Where some for int'rest play, and some for fame ;
 " Whilst ev'ry gamster at this board we meet,
 " Must either be the bubble or the cheat.
 And when this catalogue he has run o'er,
 And empty'd of whipt cream his frothy store,
 Thinks he's so wise no *Solomon* knows more :
 That the weak texture of his flimsy brain,
 Is fit the weight on *W*——'s to sustain ;
 In *Senates* to preside, to mould *the State*,
 And fix in *England's* service, *Europe's* fate.

SINCE such you'll find most men of our degree,
 Excuse the ignorance appears in me.
 Nor marvel whilst that ign'rance I rehearse,
 That still I know enough to do't in verse :
 Guiltless of thought, each blockhead may compose
 This nothing-meaning verse, as fast as prose.

And *P—e* with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day.

Such *P—e* himself might write, who ne'er could think :
 He who at *Crambo* plays with pen and ink ;
 And is call'd poet, 'cause in rhyme he wrote
 What *Dacier* construed, and what *Homer* thought :
 But in reality this jingler's claim,
 Or to an author's, or a poet's name,
 A judge of writing would no more admit,
 Than each dull *Dictionary's* claim to wit ;
 That nothing gives you at its own expence,
 But a few modern words for ancient sense.

'Tis thus, whene'er *P—pe* writes, he's forc'd to go
 And beg a little sense, as school-boys do.

“ For all cannot invent, who can translate ;
 No more than those who cloath us can create.
 When we see *Celia* shining in brocade,
 Who thinks 'tis *Hinchclif* all that beauty made ?
 And *P—pe*, in his best works we only find
 The gaudy *Hinchclif* of some beauteous mind.
 To bid his genius work without that aid,
 Would be as much mistaking of his trade,
 As 'twould to bid your *Hatter* make a *Head*.
 Since this mechanic's, like the other's pains,
 Are all for dressing other peoples brains.

BUT had he not, to his eternal shame,
 By trying to deserve a fat'rist's name,
 Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame :
 Had not his *Taste* and *Riches* lately shown,
 When he would talk of genius to the town,
 How ill he chuses, if he trusts his own.
 Had he, in modern language, only wrote
 Those rules which *Horace*, and which *Vida* taught ;
 On *Garth* or *Boileau's* model built his fame,
 Or sold *Broome's* labours printed with *P—pe's* name :
 Had he ne'er aim'd at any work beside,
 In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd ;
 And ever been, tho' not with genius fir'd,
 By *School-boys* quoted, and by *Girls* admir'd.

So much for *P—pe* --- And were I not afraid,
 Tho' I wrote more, that you no more would read,
 I now would try to jumble into rhyme,
 Th' account you ask, of how we pass our time :

But

But by the manner of your spending yours,
 Guess ——— and you'll not be very wide of ours.
 For *C—ts* are only larger families,
 The Growth of each, few truths, and many lies :
 Like you we *lounge*, and feast, and play, and chatter ;
 In private satirize, in publick flatter.
 Few to each other, all to one point true ;
 Which one I shan't, nor need explain. Adieu.

*The REVIEW ; or, the Case fairly stated
 on both Sides.*

WHEN grave *divinity* thought fit
 In * *Latin* verse to shew some wit,
 And virtue teach by stated rules,
 (The practice of our antient schools)
 'Twas done, I hope, with good intent,
 But how unlucky the event !
 Or else, perhaps, it was in sport ;
 Teach virtue to a l— at c— !
 Shew me the man that is devout,
 He for no c— was e'er cut out.

THIS Letter did produce an answer
 From the young, pretty l—d *draw-can-sir* ;
 No poignancy are in his strains,
Sharpness ill suits his *muddy* brains.
 Goodnatur'd witling ! he indites
 Full as *heroic* as he *fights* :
 How puerile are all his lays !
 Insatiable his thirst of praise.
 Learning “ deserts his *John-Trot* head,
 “ And leaves plain *English* in its stead ”.
 But “ he can fairly write his name ”,
 And wishes “ all could do the same.
 “ A noble heir, spoil'd by his mother,
 “ Leaves learning to his elder brother ”.
 Thus in epitome the Elf
 Has foolishly portray'd himself.

NEXT,

* Vide, Dr. Sh——n's *Latin Letter to the Lord* ———.

NEXT, without thought, on *P-pe* he falls,
 His L....d....p most severely mauls,
Apollo's darling, if 'twere true,
 What he asserts to be *P...pe's* due.
C.... he has made a sacrifice,
 " Their growth, few truths, and many lies.
 And as at *C....t* his L....d....p's bred,
 He with *C....t Manna* must be fed.

THIS indigested, crude * epistle,
 No more in value than a whistle,
 Gave timely birth to *Tit for Tat* ;
 Nothing more *apropos*, more pat.
 Exuberance of satire shines,
 Mix'd with true wit, in all its lines.
 Each sex of ev'ry rank and station,
 Is there display'd with approbation ;
 Drawn at full length, without a SCREEN,
 In proper colours there is seen,
 His L..... with a Lady's mein.

* Vide, *An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity.*

F I N I S.



